IN OBERHAUSEN. Eugene Field from Hanover to The Chicago News. In Oberhausen on a time
I fared as might a king.
And now I feel too muse sublime
Inspire me to embalm in rhyme
That succulent and sapid thing
Behight of Gentile and of Jew. A gosling stew!

The good Herr Schmitz brought out his best—Soup, cutiet, salad, roast—And I pariook with hearty zest.
And fervoutly anon I blessed
That generous and benignant host,
When suddenly dawned on my view
A gosling stew!

I spiffed it coming or apace,
And as its colors filled
The curious little dining place
I felt a glow suffuse my face—
I felt my very marrow thrilled
With rapture allogether new
Twas gosling stewt

These callow hirds had never played
In yonder village pond?
Had never through the gateway strayed
And plaintive spissant music made
Upon the grassy green beyond.
Upon the grassy green beyond.
For gosling stew!

to one's vanity in the mere name of generosity.

Whalen was thoroughly interested now. "You are in some trouble," he said, "and I can help you. Come into the Mall and let me hear."

They walked along slowly in the shadow of the trees, silent at first, but presently Davis began his appeal.

"Chris old follows."

gan his appeal.

"Chris, old fellow," he said, "we have been friends a long time."

"We have and mean to be, come what may."
Whe lan haif expected a conlession of murder, forgery, or bigamy, or perhans all three, and was fairly revelling in the thought of how steadfastly he would stand by his friend.

Davis went on:

"You are a lucky fellow, Whelan; you are rich, popular, in good society, a favorite with the best sort of women."

"Well, yes," said Whelan. It was all true, and he did not see any need to deny it. "Well, yes, what then?"

On the other hand, I am-well, not anything to look at or to talk of-a person of no account whatever. I want you to see clearly how much that is worth having you have, and how little I have. I want you to recognize and be generous."
"I have not many virtues, Tom," said Whelan

warmly, "but I know what friendship is, and I shall not fail you. Speak without any more preface: what form is this generosity to take?"

"I want you to give up Madge Parry to me."

"Good God!"

Whelan stopped dead short in the middle of a crossing. This sort of sacrifice had never entered his mind. Davis had fairly to drag him out of the track of the cabs that were ratiling past; the two sat down on a seat in the shadow of the

"I am asking a good de. I know," said Davis,
"but I am asking it of a man who can afford to
give, and, as you said just now. I don't think
you will fail me. I have very little in the world;
I can't think re. give, and, as you said just now, I don't think you will fail me. I have very little in the world; I can't think you would have the heart to take from me the little I have, seeing you have everything you could desire. Any woman would fall in love with you; there is only this one in all the world for me. She was on the verge of caring for me when you came on the scene; she will care for me again if she does not see you any more. Let me have this one piece of good luck, Chrisspare it to me out of your affluence. There's Lady Lily Levison, who used to share your Whitechapel wanderings, she'd have you any day, and small wonder; or McNaman's daughter, the beauty, proud as she is, she would be prouder to marry you. Among all the women who would be ready to marry you, can't you find some one else, and leave Madge to me? Why, with all your advantages any woman who was not a fool would jump at you."

"You forget one thing," said Whelan slowly;

You forget one thing," said Whelan slowly;

"low forget one thing, said Whelan slowly;
"any woman won't do. I am fond of Madge
Parry—No," he went on after a pause, "no, Tom,
I can't think of it."
But the answer showed Davis that he had been
thinking of it.
They sat silent for a moment or two, and then
Davis tried again.

Davis tried again.

"You remember that fellow in the Bible, Chris, that we need to hear about when we were boys.

"You remember that fellow in the Bible, Chris, that we used to hear about when we were boys. The great man had flocks and herds without number, you know. The poor man had only one little ewe-lamb. You are in the position of the rich man: don't take her from me."

"It's altogether different," said Whelan, whose Scriptural knowledge was vague, but practical, since he mixed the allegory with the fact, and between the two made out his case. "It's altogether different; Miss Parry don't belong to you, like the lamb did to the fellow in the story, and he was cheated out of it, while no one is acting unfairly toward you. You did introduce me to her, I know, but I did not know you liked her, and, if I had, the trial was as free to me as to you." "That's all tree."

That's all true," said Davis, congratulating "That's all true," said Davis, congratulating himself inwardly on having taken the right line at first. "That's why I ask you for generosity and not for justice. Some men might say, I introduced you to the woman I loved, trusting you not to supplant me, but I don't: I task you to give up to me, not because I have the best right, but because I have the greatest need. I love her as a properous man such as you tannot love. She stands instead of everything the to me. She is my riches, my society, my ambition, as well as my love; and what have I to offer? what means have I of winning her love instead on the standard of the standard of

The read the control of the control

wife had been on their honeymoon they had fallen in with an old uncle of Davis's who was a great admirer of pretty women, and he had been so taken with Madge's beauty and brightness that on

admirer of pretty women, and he had been so taken with Madge's beauty and brightness that on parting with them he immediately made his will in his nephew's favor, "as a recognition of his good sense and eleverness in scenting such a charming and amiable woman as his wife."

The old man said nothing about this at the time or afterward; he probably saw other pretty women, and forgot all about Madge, for he never held out a helping hand to her bushand in all the long struggle with poverty which followed their marriage, and took no notice when he was informed that their second child was called after him. But, if he forgot his fancy for Madge, he also forgot to make any other will, and when at last news of his death reached Davis in London, he found himself the owner of a good deal of railway stock, a fine old country house, several well-let farms, and a coal mine at Glywwych, North Wales.

This, of course, entirely revolutionized the three

skeep from the make any other will, and when the found handly the scene or a good doal of milway stock, a fine old country heavy except.

This of course, on these revisite in the means to extend the south which is spell with a better that sort of soverty which is spell with a better that sort of soverty which is spell with a better that sort of soverty which is spell with a better that sort of soverty which is spell with a better that sort of soverty which is spell with a better that sort of soverty which found there is not the spell of the fashion of the spell of the sp

handicapped I should be in a contest with you? What could happen to me but defeat? And I tell you that in this matter defeat will be bitterer than death. It will be hard to bear—such a blow from such a friend, from my friend, too, who is armed so much better than I that I have no chance against him."

"I can't help it, Davis," Whelan said, but he spoke with less energy; "I can't help it. I am sorry it is so. I wish we were better matched, but I don't think I have quite so much the best of it as you seem to think. You have your advantages, too; you are very clever."

He was very clever indeed, for not only had he known what line to take and how to work it effectively, but he knew exactly when to stop. He heard computation in his friend's voice, so he kept silence for some time to let it work fully. To do him justice, however, the cieverness was instinctive, not calculated; he was really pleading from the depth of his own feeling.

At last he spoke again.

"Pve said all I can, Whelan. The thing is in your hands. I can't contend against you, as I said. I've put the matter before you as strongly as I can; as to putting it as it is, as I feel it, and it was too evident that they were buried beneath the ruins. "Well, we are all right," said Davis. "Let us the bound it was too evident that they were buried beneath the ruins. "Well, we are all right," said Davis. "Let us the there were a side of my own mine yet, but I know we can't be very low down; we must be quite near the survantages, too; you are very clever."

But even while they spoke they heard other explosions, one after another, in different parts of the mme, and presently one in their immediate neighborhood was folk wed by a rush of hot air, and then by a stream of water, which quickly covered the bottom of the little space where they stood. "Good heavens, this is serious!" exclaimed Davis: "little as I know, I know what his means. The water keeps coming in and there is no outlet for it. We are in great danger. Madge, where are you?"

Madge struggled through

Davis nodded. Thanks. Now, Madge."
le took her in his arms to raise her, then

now, or at least make death sweet?

"Madge," he whispered, "Madge, what is it?"

"Hallo! hallo! Is any one alive down there?"

It was Wyatt's voice, and Wyatt's goodnatured, ugly face peered through the opening.

"All there? Ah, that's good! Derrick and I get out all right, so we rushed off and got a ladder; and now, if you'll just move out of the way, I'll let it down, and you can all come out of that ugly hole as soon as you like."

So in about three minutes the tragedy was over, and Whelan will never know to his dying day what it was that Mrs. Davis was going to say

THE FASHIONS.

for married ladies are made of brocales and satin, but
for young women the embroidered lisses and tuiles, or
the spangled gauzes, which look as if they might have
belonged to the wadrobe of an Oriental princess, are
made up into graceful dancing gowns called "Josephine
dresses," with simple, straight, full shirts of gauze
over satin and low square-necked bediese, which might
have been modelled after the familiar portraits of the
beautiful Empress. The severe style of this dress,
with its high sash of soft surah, which reaches nearly
to the arm syce, is considered especially suitable for
a debutante, though in such a case the square neck
is velled with lace. There is a decided objection
among mothers to the adoption of the extreme
decoletic styles, worn by the older women of society,
by girls in their first or second season. In many
cases the evering bodice for young girls is merely
pointed and filled in with lace, while the sleeve is
entitlely omitted or is an erbow sleeve. Other dresses
for young ladies are draped with figured net or gauze
and caught up with rosettes and garlands of ribbons
in the flat effect now universally seen. Dainty point
d'esprit, dotted in the most delicate manner, embroidered lisses wrought with tiny rosebuds or some
fine blossoms in pale green, delicate rose or yellow
over satin make beautiful dresses.

A charging French gown was of pale corn-colored
lisse, embroidered in delicate rose color and ecrucaught down by rosettes and abads of ribbons
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A charging in the selezation of the carrier of the character. It is as elaborate in
finish as the carried, or the w

The content of the property of the men had time to answer her another explosion should the place where they stood, there was a sound, of earth and stones falling into the water near them, then the air grew andealty lighter and g cold breach below in the faces.

Davis gave a cry of rolled.

"Look there," he should." "we shan't die this faces.

Davis gave a cry of rolled.

"Look there," he should." "we shan't die this faces the macrate big bondier that is uncovered now? We can climb up that, and then lift each other my so as to struggle through the opening. We are saved! Courage, Madez. Whelan, for heaven's sake stop looking so trazic." Don't you see we are saved. "Courage Madez." Whelan, for heaven's sake stop looking so trazic." Don't you see we are saved. "Courage Madez." Whelan, for heaven's sake stop looking so trazic." Don't you see we are saved. "Courage Madez." Whelan, for heaven's sake stop looking so trazic." Don't you see we are saved. "Courage Madez." Whelan, for heaven's sake top looking so trazic." Don't you see we are saved. "Courage Madez." Whelan, for heaven's sake the place where you." "Speak before me," said Madeg firmly. "Let us have no more neivant compacts between you." "Good, said Whelan quietly. "Your hisband says, we are saved." Who will help up the third?" "Good heaven's said Clinis, and the lift each other up to the place where the stone of the place where the state of the place where the state and state of the present hand the lift seah other up to the said the my! "I have something to say to you." "Think of it now," said Clinis, still speaking very quietly." "Think of it now," said Clinis, still speaking very quietly." "Think of it now," said Clinis, still speaking very quietly."

with that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest— amountain-crest— and the ling like a buck in spring and he looked like a lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides.

"And thou must ride at his left side as shield to shoulder rides.

"Thill Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
"Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.

"And thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her fues are thine, and thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace and thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line.

"And though must make a trooper tough and hack thy hard though must make a trooper tough and hack thy hard looked each other between the eyes, and three they found no fault, there they found no fault, the peace is a fault of the sheerest silken hand-spun linen, are \$25 a dozen. A very nice handkerchief for soll a dozen. Then hand said the manual three they found no fault, there they found no fault, there they found no fault, there they found no fault, the peace is a fault of the sheerest silken from his hand when they are the and here they so dozen. A very nice handkerchief for soll a dozen. The finest plain handkerchefs, linished with embroidered failial and hand though must make a trooper tough and hack thy have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault, there they found no fault.

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault, there they found no fault.

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault, the fault of the sheerest files are of the sheerest files are dealth and all the fault of the sheerest files are of the sheerest fil

And the most any happy the peace of the fooder line.

And the most may happy the peace of the fooder to make a trooper tough and hack they had the peace of the fooder line.

And the most must make a trooper tough and hack they had the peace of the fooder line and the peace of t

The body of this variety is decidedly low and set upon strong, well-braced runners. It is intended for two passengers and a servant, and either one or two horses passengers and a servant, and either one or two horses may be driven to it. For country use it is fitted with what is called the "country bar," which permits the horse to travel in the beaten track at one side of the middle of the road, as is the case with the old-fashioned cutter. This weighs 250 pounds and ranges in price from \$450 to \$600. The best makers have given up the use of the gayly colored plumes that have in the past made. Central Park so picturesque a sleizaing time, and DANCING DRESSES.

DANCING DRESSES.

DANCING DRESSES.

DANCING DRESSES.

DANCING DRESSES.

The dancing dress of to-day is a thing of gauze and other middle of the rountry bar," which permits the other middle of the rountry bar, "which permits the other middle of the rountry bar," which permits the other sheer materials. Glimmer of satin and sheen of silk are for the time veiled by materials like the filmy gauzes of Indian weave, "floating air" and "woven mist," but made in the lifted of France and called by the less poetic name of chiffognes. A few dresses the looked at her engerly. What was rising to her lips? Something that would make life cossible even now, or at least make death sweet?

"Madge," he suid, "good-by, Madge, what is it?"

DANCING DRESSES.

The dancing dress of to-day is a thing of gauze and other sheer materials. Glimmer of satin and sheen of silk are for the time veiled by materials like the filmy gauzes of Indian weave, "floating air" and "woven mist," but made in the lifted of France and called by the less poetic name of chiffognes. A few dresses for materials like the filmy gauzes of Indian weave, "floating air" and "woven mist," but made in the lifted of France and called by the less poetic name of chiffognes. A few dresses for materials like the filmy gauzes of Indian weave, "floating air" and "woven mist," but made in the lifted of the rountry bar, which permits the what is called the "country bar, which permits the what is called the "country bar, which permits the what is called the "country bar, which permits the what is called the "country bar, which permits the what is called the "country bar, which permits the definition of silk are for the time veiled by materials like the filmy gauzes of Indian weave, "floating air" and "woven mist," but made in the lifted of the rountry bar, which permits the horse to travel in the borse to travel in the best track at one side of the middle of the rountry bar, which permits the seal of the middle of the rountry bar, which permits the wint the cou

put out his hands to catch it, but the cub was failing pretty fast, and it went right through Mr. Cass's hands, struck the earth and was stunned. It soon came to all right, and Leasher let the other two down with the cord. They were the cubs that Mr. Cass now owns. The other one, Leasher kept, but before it was six months old it got tangled in the rope that held is

to its pen and hanged itself.

Mr. Cass had good luck with his cubs, and he tamed them inside of a month. He began to call one of then Nick right away, and the other Tige, and is wasn't long before they answered readily to their names. Then he trained them to follow him, taught them to be kind to his other animals, and made them know their places. At times Mr Cass confines the bears in a log pen with a flat roof. Whenever he doesn't care to let them tag him over the place or through the woods, he chains them to the side of the pen with chains so long that they can climb upon the roof if they want to. Nich and Tige are fond of che-se, all kinds of meat, and above all of honey and maple syrup. At the upper side of the yard that slopes down to the fence there is a little trough. Both bears cannot get their noses in it at once, and the moment that their owner lets them loose in the yard and places a little honey in the trough there is a lively squabble. If Nick reaches the trough first, Tige grabs him around the neck with his paws, pulls him away from the sweet morsel, and down the slope they roll over and over one another, until the fence stops them. Then up they spring, and for the trough they scamper, ending up the bout by another tumble down the hill. And so it goes until Mr. Cass puts a bit of honey in another spot, where one of them can lick it while the other is nosing in the trough.

The most interesting creatures on Mr. Cass's place are a tame doe named Roxy, and Spry, a very intelligent setter dog. Roxy has been there a year longer than the bears, but she has never given birth to